

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

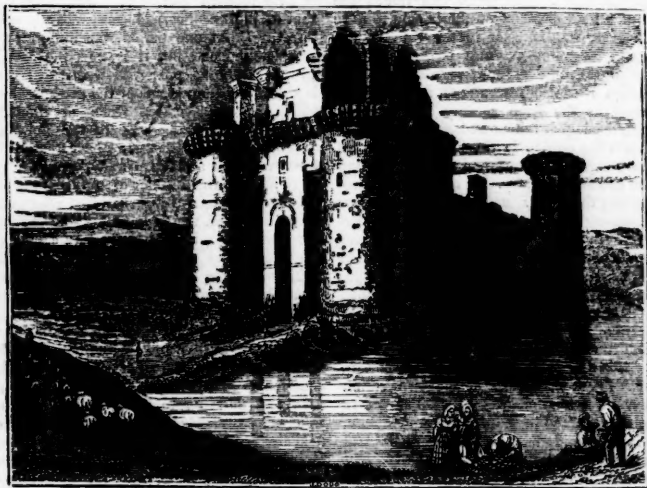
No. 629.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1833.

[Price 2d.]

## Illustrations of Scott :

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.



CAERLAVEROC CASTLE.

"Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers."

This picturesque Castle is situated on a level plain on the east side of the debouche of the river Nith, about eight miles from Dumfries, the capital of the south-western Province of Scotland. It is considered the finest specimen of castellated architecture to be found in that country; and though in ruins, it is, in parts, wonderfully entire. Mr. Macdiarmid tells us that "it formed the favourite residence of the lords of the marches, and the key to the whole vale of Nith, excepting when the enemy, at the risk of rousing the warders of meaner towers, deviated far from the beaten tract, and swept round the base of the Tinwald Hills, where a forest covered the sunniest slopes in the district, (now waving to their tops with the staff of life,) and the whole antlered tribe cropped the sward around oaks that during a century and more had tempered the summer's heat and the winter's cold."

The form of Caerlaveroc is triangular; the outer front wall is massive; the inner court rising to three stories of 120 feet on each side, containing a suite of apartments,

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sculptured by no unskilful hand, where warrior wassailers lingered of yore, and the highest of the land heard the trumpet sounded in war, and the dulcimer in peace; behind stood the great banquetting-hall, flanked by two superb towers, extending 90 feet along the base of the triangle. Around, fosse after fosse, stretched their lines of circumvallation, fed by a marsh, itself a protection in times of danger; the Wardlaw Hill, at no great distance, overlooked alike the land and the sea, keeping the garrison on the alert, and the apparatus of death in constant view.

The situation is beautiful, and commands a varied and extensive prospect. Opposite is the coast of merry England, bulwarked by the lofty Cumberland mountains, which may be numbered and named when the sky is clear; to the left stretches a broad and fertile vale, watered by the Solway to within a short distance of the walls of Carlisle; to the right, the shores of Galloway, including New Abbey and Criffel; and beyond, a lengthened section of iron-bound coast, which, as Mr. Skene remarks, "presents a succession of rugged

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cliffs, rising at times to a fearful height, and again sinking into small, sandy bays, or narrow creeks, through which some brook makes its way to the shore; while from the sea may be seen the dark throats of caverns, by which the rocks are perforated, and of which some only are accessible to man, either from above or below."

In a wood, at the distance of a few hundred yards, Mr. Macdiarmid has traced the site of an old castle, a structure said to have been every way inferior to the ruin in the annexed Engraving. The original Castle, according to some authorities, was known in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and founded so early as the sixth century. It was frequently besieged, taken, and as often repaired, until the edifice in the Cut was built, at a heavy expense, sometime in the beginning of the fifteenth century. All authorities agree in stating that its situation and importance as a stronghold exposed it to many a formidable attack, until finally reduced by Oliver Cromwell—the last and greatest achievement of the kind he effected. About two years ago, a farmer discovered a ball, weighing 4 lbs., that had been unearthed by the plough, near a clump of trees; this remained for a considerable time in Mr. Macdiarmid's possession, and was given to Mr. Monteath of Closeburn, by whom it was presented to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland. This ball appears to have been formed of malleable iron—before, Mr. Macdiarmid presumes, cast metal was known—and to preserve its rotundity, had been cased with lead, to the thickness of more than half an inch. Probability favours the idea that it formed part of the imperfect ordnance wielded by Oliver Cromwell, while the uneven and jagged surface leaves little doubt as to the use of the lead. The Castle, on this occasion, was gallantly defended by its loyal proprietor, the Earl of Nithisdale, (to whose descendants, by the female side, it still belongs,) and was at last reluctantly surrendered in compliance with the commands of Charles I. Of the "plenishing" of the building, a curious inventory is preserved in *Grose's Antiquities*. Eighty-six beds in all are enumerated; five of them were so sumptuous, that they were valued at 110*l.* sterling each, with forty carpets and a library of books, estimated as worth more than 200*l.* sterling.

The most formidable siege the old castle of Caerlaveroc ever sustained, was that conducted under the personal inspection of Edward I. of England. The particulars are preserved in a metrical romance in the French language, to which Grose repeatedly refers, and which, Mr. Skene informs us, was lately edited by a learned English antiquary. "A most formidable enumeration is given of the whole warlike array, not only of England, but of the French dominions then dependent on the English Crown, as mustered under the

walls of Caerlaveroc,—which, nevertheless, for two days, sustained and repelled incessant attacks with the aid of battering machines, of successive divisions of that army, which relieved each other in the fatigues and dangers of the assault; and, when finally forced to surrender, the Castle, to the surprise of the assailants, was found to contain not more than sixty defendants."

The modern history of Caerlaveroc, (like that of most castles,) is comparatively uninteresting. At one period, the building was completely open; but it is now inclosed by an iron gate, and preserved with great care. Ivy growing from stems of the girth of trees, which have perforated walls of amazing thickness, covers one side of the building, rocks inhabit the turrets above; and the fosse, which is still deep and wide, in place of reflecting the armour of mailed warriors, affords a safe retreat to generation after generation of geese, which have become so familiar from usage, that they scarcely cackle on the appearance of strangers. In the year 1827, when the present proprietor, William Constable Maxwell, Esq., attained majority, the tenant of Caerlaveroc, and other friends, with the Rev. Dr. M'Morine at their head, dined in the ancient hall, overcanopied by the clear, blue sky, and tastefully fitted up for the occasion. Many impressive speeches were delivered, pointing to "the dark postern of things long elapsed;" and no one who beheld the venerable chairman, and reflected on the cause—the bond of love, not the tocsin of war—that had drawn, in place of serfs, so many independent yeomen together, could avoid contrasting past with present times, and rejoicing in the diffusion of feelings, sentiments, and principles, which have brought every mind, like every acre, under cultivation, enabling the meanest peasant to sit under the shadow of his own roof-tree, none daring to make him afraid; and rendering a sheeling, ramparted by law and morality alone, more impregnable than the Castle of Caerlaveroc.

We have abridged these graphic details from *A Picture of Dumfries and its Environs*, published during the last year, from the very competent pen of John Macdiarmid, Esq., author of *Sketches of Nature*.

The original of the annexed Engraving is one of Mr. Turner's splendid illustrations of the handsome edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. which is now in course of publication, uniformly with the economical edition of the Waverley Novels, issued in monthly volumes. The volume to which the engraving is prefixed, is the fourth of the *Poetical Works*, containing the third part of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the ballad illustrated by the view of the Castle is "The Murder of Caerlaveroc. Never before published. By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq." The Engraving

can, therefore, scarcely with propriety, be termed an illustration of *Scott's* poetry, though we must remember that Sir Walter not only collected the ballads of the Border Minstrelsy, from recitation and otherwise, but wrote also the prose introductions to most of the pieces. In one of these, the story of "the Murder of Caerlaveroc" is thus told:—

The tragical event which preceded, or perhaps gave rise to, the successful insurrection of Robert Bruce against the tyranny of Edward I., is well known. In the year 1304, Bruce abruptly left the court of England, and held an interview, in the Dominical Church of Dumfries, with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain, who had formerly held the regency of Scotland. A dispute ensued, which soon waxed high betwixt two fierce and independent barons. At length, standing before the high altar of the church, Cuming gave Bruce the lie, and Bruce retaliated by a stroke of his poniard. Full of confusion and remorse for a homicide committed in a sanctuary, the future monarch of Scotland rushed out of the church, with the bloody poniard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons who faithfully adhered to him, were waiting at the gate. To their earnest and anxious inquiries into the cause of his emotion, Bruce answered, "I doubt I have slain the Red Cuming."—"Doubtest thou?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick; "I make sure!"\* Accordingly, with Lindsay and a few followers, he rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Cuming.

Accordingly, Bowmaker informs us, that the body of the slaughtered baron was watched, during the night, by the Dominicans, with the usual rites of the church. But, at midnight, the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard, with terror and surprise, a voice, like that of a wailing infant, exclaim, "How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" It was answered in an awful tone, "Endure with patience, until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." In the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cuming's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaveroc, in Dumfries-shire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the Regent. In the dead of the night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose, and poniarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly; but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken, at break of day, not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed by order of King David II.

#### SONG OF THE WANDERING ITALIAN.

"My heart shall be poured forth over thee; and break!" DANTE.

I Love thy ruin'd fountains,  
I love thy fertile vales;  
Where o'er thy snow-capp'd mountains,  
The eagle proudly sails.  
Though tyrant hordes oppress thee  
I turn in love to thee;  
In ev'ry sorrow bless thee,  
My own bright Italy!  
I view thine ancient story  
Deep in the front of Time;  
When Fame had spread thy glory  
O'er every land and clime.  
Yet in thy desolations  
Thou'rt dearer far to me,  
Than when thou lead'st the nations,  
My own lov'd Italy!

\* Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand, grasping a dagger, distilling gout of blood, proper; motto, "I mach sieker."

For Genius hovers o'er thee,  
Her sceptre awes the proud;  
And spirits bow before thee,  
As once the nations bow'd.  
Of all thy lost dominion,  
This yet remains to thee;  
Thou of the eagle-pinion,  
Thou once proud Italy!

The ploughshare hath gone through thee!  
The children of thy soil,  
Or with their tears bedew thee  
Or court a tyrant's smile.—  
Or absent they deplore thee,  
And from afar—like me;  
Pour forth their spirits o'er thee,  
My own lov'd Italy!

Can I forget thee? Never!  
Land of my earliest days,  
When virtue pleas'd, and ever  
Its best reward was praise.  
Or her whose vows were plighted  
Beneath the myrtle tree;  
When eve thy skies had lighted  
My own bright Italy!

And still amidst thine ashes  
Lie hid the slum'ring fires;  
As breaking forth in flashes,  
They emulate our sires.  
Love shall again restore thee!  
Again thou shalt be free!  
And we with joy adore thee  
My own lov'd Italy!

J. G. B. P.

#### AN EXCURSION ROUND AMSTERDAM.

(To the Editor.)

SINCE you inserted my few remarks, suggested by your general account of Rotterdam, I am induced also to offer a sort of appendix to the similar article on Amsterdam, in No. 623 of *The Mirror*, descriptive of some objects in the neighbourhood of the latter city, as seen during an afternoon's excursion.

We were a party of three at luncheon in one of the hotels, discussing with a guide, who offered his services to show the lions, the best plan of seeing as much as possible of the city, and of visiting Brock and Saardam besides, during the remainder of the same day. The said guide (a Frenchman, I believe, by birth, who once had money which he spent like a gentleman.) was of a different species from the usual mercenary characters a traveller is apt to meet with, and entered into the spirit of our views with such enthusiasm, that, on a doubt being expressed as to the practicability of a proposed plan, he struck the table with his hand, exclaiming in the few words of English he knew, "You shall see all that, by —!" This vehemence of gesture and speech was so contrasted with his ordinary unobtrusive mildness, that farther hesitation was out of the question, and we could only hope that here was another case for Sterne's recording angel—"as he wrote down the oath, to drop a tear upon the word, and blot it out for ever!"

Before entering upon the immediate object of this communication, I may briefly allude to a few of the prominent curiosities in the

city itself. And first, the Museum, containing an extraordinarily interesting collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, without indulging in any detail of which, I may just observe that one of the rooms will rivet to the spot the true admirer of Rembrandt:—only let such a one imagine a painting in that artist's best manner, with his mysterious atmospheric effects and gorgeous light and shade, covering the whole end of a large apartment! It is called the *Garde de nuit*, and represents the breaking up of the city guard after a rejoicing—the figures of the size of life standing from the canvass, with vigorous, strongly-marked countenances and picturesque costumes. It is, to my taste, much more wonderful than the picture of corresponding dimensions, occupying the opposite wall, and usually termed “the miracle of the Dutch school.” The subject is a banquet given by a party of officers to some royal guests; and its merit consists in the combination of minute finishing with bold general effect—not a fruit upon the table but would bear the criticism of an epicure, and might have been an individual portrait, like the human figures: it is painted by Vanderhelst. Next, the old *Stadthouse*, or palace, as it has been called, since it was the residence of Louis Buonaparte, which possesses many fine paintings and ornamented apartments, besides the grand audience chamber, magnificent, both in its dimensions and its richly sculptured white marble walls. From the tower of this building we had a prospect over the whole city, with clusters of windmills beyond to the very horizon, the boundless expanse of the *Zuyder Zee* on one side; the river *Y*, with lines of shipping, and the opposite land stretching on the other side to *Saardam*, the diagonal passage to which is called eight miles. A steamer had just started to cross over, and though we had previously resolved not to avail ourselves of the opportunity, as we should have found no conveyance at *Saardam* to take us to *Brock*, yet we were reminded by it that it was past three o'clock. We hastily visited the *Exchange*, and the two principal churches, the old and the new, of which the latter is the largest. The interior is vast and lofty, with an organ much exceeding in size that at *Rotterdam*; a remarkable pulpit; and a splendid monument to *Admiral De Ruyter*.

Entering a boat, we now soon passed through the wood-work barrier in front of the vessels at anchor, and were ferried directly across the *Y*, a distance of about two miles, to *Buyksloot*, which presented no character of neighbourhood to a great city, as it consisted of little more than a public house, though it may have increased since the opening of the new grand canal from the *Helder*. Here a single carriage was kept for hire, and fortunately it was disengaged. In Holland,

however, nothing is done in a hurry, so that while it was getting ready we took a little refreshment, and gained the landlord's heart by noticing his paintings and prints, upon the value of which he expatiated like a connoisseur.

*Brock* is, perhaps, six miles inland from hence, and the approach from the opposite side of a smooth lake, round which it is extended in a semi-circular form—its fresh-painted villas, mostly white, yellow, and green, surrounded by trim gardens, with snug fantastic summer-houses of all colours reflected in the surface of the water—is so singularly pretty that the rhapsodical phraseology of the note\* can scarcely be deemed an exaggeration. In sober seriousness, it is a most extraordinary place, where the quintessence of Dutch peculiarities has been so carefully preserved, that it is visited as a curiosity, not only by strangers, but by the Dutch themselves. Innovation, however, has made some progress even here, for we were told that formerly no visiter was permitted to enter in his shoes, clean slippers being kept at the end of the town for the purpose; but now no objection is made on a clean day, though still, no wheeled carriage of any description is allowed to soil the brightness, or disturb the quiet, of the streets, in which, except the persons who did the honours to us, I do not know that we saw a single creature out of doors; so that it looked like a spectre-town, or the scene of a play. In wandering through the interior, we found everything in accordance with the neatness of its exterior, each house being worthy of notice for some fancy in style, or ornaments, or garden, or entrance; and all bright and showy, as if dirt were a nonentity. Even the flowers were subjected to such discipline as to appear artificially coloured, and the very sticks that propped them up were carefully painted and gilt; while statues abounded in the gardens, classical, pastoral, and humorous; in short, it would be endless to enumerate the various displays of capricious taste here.

Each dwelling has a back, or side, entrance for ordinary use, the front door (upon which the richest architectural embellishment is often lavished,) never being opened more than once a year, or upon the peculiar occa-

\* But what shall I say of *Brock*? the pretty, neat, clean, singular, unique, picturesque, quiet, artificial, fanciful, rural, elegant, polished, unchangeable, indescribable, village of *Brock*? It is a toy; a make-believe of living: a fair-weather holiday retreat that the winds of heaven may not visit too roughly; a place of repose from life's elsewhere stormy career; a village in Sunday clothes; a Midsummer night's (or day's) dream; a Dutch elysium, where spring should ever reign, where the night should only draw a thin veil over the day, where sorrow should never come, but where the inscription I saw upon one of its exquisite, fantastic dwellings, should literally apply to the place itself, “Peace be with you on entering!”

From the *Tatler*, edited by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

sion of a marriage or death; and at such times only is there any use made of the principal room, appropriately called the *Chambre de parade*, which is generally kept close with curtains and shutters, and only entered to be scrubbed! Some of these state-apartments are said to be sumptuously furnished, as we readily believed from the style of such other rooms as we got a glimpse of. A birth does not appear to be considered of sufficient importance for throwing open the splendours of the sanctum; but there is a custom, not limited to Brock, of hanging outside the door an ornamental piece of needlework, not unlike a large toilet pincushion, to intimate an addition to the family, and the neighbours know by its shape the sex of the little stranger.

We went through a show dairy farm, where Gouda cheeses are manufactured with a laudable attention to regularity and neatness. There seemed to be nobody at home but the children, who explained the process; until, on looking round a neat parlour, we observed in a closet bed, a sick old man, their grandfather; he was not disconcerted, for everything had been arranged *fit to be seen*, and he was, no doubt, aware we should leave something to compensate for our intrusion.

Returning for some distance by the same road, we afterwards struck off to the right till we reached a fine, level bank, on the top of the high dyke which protects the land from the overflowing of the Y, and where consummate skill and industry are still used in making fresh conquests from the water; large and valuable tracks in this neighbourhood having been but recent acquisitions. The view from the dyke is really superb, and I mention this particularly, because there seems to be an impression in England that the scenery of Holland can present little to gratify the eye. On the opposite side of the fine sheet of water, Amsterdam presents a noble aspect to the left, with its towers and steeples, and fringed by clustering masts and rigging of ships in the port, besides other vessels scattered around; and the country can be traced to the right until the extreme distance is intersected by the nearer ground on our side of the river, where Saardam appears in sight; a picturesque feature being given to the whole by a profusion of windmills, of which about two thousand, at various distances, are visible from this spot!

If our raised expectations were gratified at Brock, we were even more surprised with Saardam, as we were unprepared to find it either so pretty or so extensive; and we considered our visit to it as one of the most agreeable *bites* in our journey. It is like Brock, consisting in great measure of snug *rus in urbe* retreats; but unlike it, in being partly a place of bustle, and still considerably engaged in ship-building. The side of the

town we first came to is open and cheerful, with a few good shops, in one of which, by the way, we bought some substantial looking cakes, which, on being applied to the mouth, unexpectedly dissolved, mocking the appetite, like the fabled viands of Tantalus. We then crossed the river Zaan, from which the town takes its name (being usually written Zaan-dam in Holland,) and which is here a respectable stream running into the broader Y, the latter indeed being a branch of the Zuyder Zee rather than a river. In the ferry-boat were nearly a dozen passengers, some of them venerable ladies in full dress of the picturesque Friesland costume; and the mellowed evening glow gave a Cuyper-like appearance to the scene, while our fancy was farther thrown back upon old times by our being in search of the residence of Peter the Great! This is a wooden hut, in the same state as when occupied by its illustrious inmate, only that it is cased round for protection by an open brick building. It possesses only a front and back room, the latter containing the identical table and chair the Czar made use of, as he sat at the window, contemplating the busy scene which the view must then have afforded, and revolving in his lofty mind the means of making his own country similarly prosperous. The result of his self-restraint in working as a common shipwright has now been developed; and when the late emperor, Alexander, made a pilgrimage to this spot, he must have felt how much he owed to the genius of his ancestor in being himself enabled to act as arbiter in the affairs of civilized Europe. The dockyard in which Peter was actually employed still exists near his house, which is shown by an intelligent labouring man, who appears to have obtained this privilege as a reward for good behaviour; and his wife, an Englishwoman, delighted with the opportunity of talking her own language, exhibited to us her ten children with feelings of pride.

What we had hitherto seen was, no doubt, part of Saardam, but by no means Saardam itself. We were surprised at afterwards coming to a street, if street it can be called, of about two miles in length, consisting of neat houses, in the Dutch ornamental style, separated from one another, each with its own drawbridge across the ditch straight along in front, and surrounded by a garden—a smaller ditch turning off perpendicularly between each, or nearly so; the intervals affording vistas, on one side into the country, and on the other to the river, which flowed at some distance in a parallel direction. An opening, or square, occurs near the middle, at the bottom of which stands the church, which is, as usual, large, and with an elegant open spire. A couple of storks had their wooden nest, in shape an inverted pyramid, on the roof, and stood, according to custom,

on one leg, looking betwixt us and the clear sky like sculptured ornaments. These birds possess almost a sacred character in Holland, the people preparing habitations for them on their chimney-tops; and they may be seen in some of the fishing-towns stalking about to collect the offal, conscious of being unmolested, in the midst of the crowd. Recrossing the river at another ferry considerably higher up, we walked along a line of road corresponding to that on the opposite side, but with houses on a less showy scale; and through the openings between them the summer-houses on the other bank of the river, in the gardens of the larger residences already mentioned, had a pretty effect.

At the inn where we had left our vehicle, a large dish of cutlets tempted us to sup, and we then rode back to Buysloot in the moonlight, which shed a mild lustre on the distant capital and the smooth water between. It was so late that we had to pay double fare to get rowed across the Y, and double toll to obtain admittance into the harbour.

We went to one of those establishments for music and dancing, where females are subjected to a species of legalized slavery, the proprietors having them in their power as long as a claim exists for board, lodging, and clothing, which can easily be made to exceed the means of repayment. It is said that decent children are occasionally taken to these places by their parents, with the view of deterring them from any deviation from strict virtue, on the same principle as the young Spartans were taught to be disgusted with intoxication by an exhibition of its effects upon their Helots; but surely none but an unimaginative Dutchman could anticipate a favourable tendency, as in public everything is *coulleur de rose*! It was too late to see much company, and we merely stopped to taste some excellent arrack punch.

We did not reach our hotel till after midnight, and we were obliged to rise early in the morning, having to walk about a couple of miles before six o'clock, to join the *Trukschuit* (travelling-barge, or water-coach). But we found our poor guide before us, waiting with anxious countenance to beg we would relieve him from a charge against him of having been the cause of our not dining, &c. for the good of the house on the previous day. The landlord, who was also stirring, received our intercession with politeness, though all the time he made bitter by-speeches to the culprit, leaving it doubtful whether he was to be forgiven; but I trust his interests did not ultimately suffer through the guide's zeal for our gratification. To show his gratitude for our attempt in his favour, he insisted on accompanying us in a torrent of rain to point out everything he thought interesting on the way, and to assist in our embarkation. He seemed altogether a good-

natured creature of impulse, who would not hurt a fly. W. G.

## HAWTHORNDEN.

(To the Editor.)

YOUR No. 620, contains an interesting account of Hawthornden, the birthplace of the poet, Drummond. As *addenda* to that account, the following inscriptions (copied during my visits to that attractive spot) may not prove unacceptable. The first is a caution to visitors, couched in a somewhat uncourteous and warlike style, and painted on a board which is placed in an outhouse.

"The gard'ner at a hole looks out:  
(And holes are plenty hereabout;)  
A pair of pistols by his lug.  
One load with ball, the other slug.  
A blunderbush of cannon shape,  
Just ready to discharge with grape,  
His traps of steel, and tempered metal,  
He sets in places sly and kittle.  
Whoe'er shall touch his flowers or fruit,  
He's sure to either catch or shoot.  
Let midnight thief or robber, stand  
And pause, ere he put forth his hand;  
While such as come in open day  
May look,—but carry naught away!"

The other is taken from the album, in which are inscribed the names of visitors.

"At Hawthornden is to be seen  
What architecture once has been.  
On Gorton's banks the bonnie view  
Will show what art and nature do.  
At Roslin Chapel you will find  
That masonry is sair declined.  
Mark well these scenes! The poet says  
They're only seen on lawin' days."

The chapel at Roslin, here spoken of, is in excellent preservation; and everywhere presents specimens of elaborate sculpture. One of the pillars differs from all the rest, and is called the 'Prentice Pillar, from a tradition of its having been finished by the mason's apprentice, during the absence of his master; who, on his return, from chagrin at being surpassed, put him to death.

At the castle, which is 700 years old, the visitor is conducted through two ranges of apartments, with very high windows, and loopholes beneath. These apartments were formerly appropriated to the soldiers of the garrison. The old bake-house and kitchen are pointed out; the latter is furnished with an immensely large fireplace. Below are the dungeons, cut out of the solid rock. Two other stories are still in tolerable preservation; and rooms in them are occupied by the village school-mistress.

In the description of Hawthornden, a notice of its caves should not be omitted. They are said to have been the retreat of Robert Bruce. One of the apartments is styled his bed-room, and another his library. The rocky sides of the latter are chiseled into square compartments, for the purpose, as is averred, of holding books.

N. ROGERS, M. D.



## Antiquariana.

## TRADESMEN'S TOKENS.

DURING the latter part of the seventeenth century there was a great scarcity of copper coin in England, particularly in the north; to remedy this, many respectable tradesmen in different towns coined brass tokens of different nominal value, all below the intrinsic. Kendal had several, various specimens of which are in the museum there. About three years ago there was found at Appleby, on removing an old building, a brass coin rather smaller than a shilling of the coinage of George III., inscribed "Christopher Birkbeck, in Appleby, his penny, 1668;" and lately another very small brass coin was found, on repairing the bridge there, inscribed on one side "Edward Guy, in Appleby, 1666," and on the

reverse the initials EM and "I serve for change;" supposed to have been a farthing. Christopher Birkbeck and Edward Guy were mayors of Appleby about this time; and it might be curious for those who have the opportunity to trace whether the unfortunate man who was executed at Appleby, for coining base money at Tebay, a few years after that date, may not have been brought into the neighbourhood to assist in the coinage of this provincial money.—*Carlisle Journal*.

## OTHER CURIOUS COINS.

In the churchyard of St. Mary's, New Ross, was lately dug up a copper coin, bearing on one side the words *Quiescat Plebs*; the other side was illegible. It is supposed to have been coined in the reign of Charles I. during his struggles with the Parliament, and is described in Simon's *Essay on Irish Coins*, as representing on one side St. Patrick driving the noxious creatures before him, with *Quiescat Plebs*, while the other side represents the king playing on the harp; the crown is inlaid with brass; the motto upon this side is *Floreat Rex*.—*Waterford Mirror*.

At Hurkledale, in the parish of Cummertrees, were lately dug up 200 bright silver coins, within a circle not more than a yard in diameter. There were ten or twelve varieties; of these, four very fine specimens are as follow: they vary a little in size, the largest being about as broad as, though thinner than, a sixpence. On each side of all are two concentric circles, composed of little dots, and between are the inscriptions. On one side there is invariably a king's head with the crown on it; and on the other, with some exceptions, a cross dividing four stars from one another, or twelve balls placed in the four right angles by threes, in a triangular manner. The three balls were the emblem, or crest, of the Lombard merchants, who at one time monopolized almost the

entire trade of England. All belong to the thirteenth century, and appear coins of Alexander III. of Scotland, or Edward I. of England.—*Dumfries Journal*.

## ANCIENT SHIP AT MOUNT'S BAY.

THE discovery of the hull of a vessel imbedded in the beach near Newlyn, Mount's Bay, has excited much curiosity. She was about 50 tons, flat-bottomed, clincher-built, of oak, 30 feet long. Her ribs were only four inches apart, and sufficiently strong for a vessel double her size. There were marks of nails, but not a bit of iron was found, from which it would seem that wood, when shut up from the air, is the most durable. The vessel appears to have been in ballast when lost; two ancient coins were found on board, one of which is in perfect preservation, and bears the inscription "Ave Maria," but it is without date. It resembles the coins of the fourteenth century, and is supposed of Anglo-Norman origin.

## TESSELATED PAVEMENT.

AN excavation was lately made in front of the supposed site of the high altar, among the ruins of Neath Abbey. The pavement of painted tiles was discovered at the depth of about a yard, covered by a mass of earth and rubbish. The materials were Pyle, Sutton, and Bath stone. The pavement was perfect, and consisted of three rows of tiles, the eastern containing the arms of England, the centre those of Turbervill, and the western those of Robert Fitzhamon, branded by a border of quatrefoils. A step of a few inches in depth led to the lower portion of the pavement, which was formed of a representation of a human figure on horseback, blowing a horn, accompanied by a dog in pursuit of a stag—probably St. Hubert; ornamental cinquefoils formed the remainder of the pattern. A tile, with the arms of de Braos, and another with the shield of Berkerholes, were found, and portions of a wide-mouthed jar and an ancient keg. A smaller pavement was also discovered in part of the conventual buildings south of the church, which may have been the muniment room.—*Cambrian*.

## URN BURIAL.

Two urns, illustrative of this interesting custom, have recently been dug up in a gravel pit, near Cullen House, in Banffshire. They contained decayed bones, and were found about five feet below the surface, covered with a large, flat stone. The colour of the composition is red, very much resembling a modern tile or brick, with some streaks of a black material running through it on the side. The urns are about thirteen inches deep, tapering or bulging out gradually from

the mouth and bottom towards the middle, where the diameter is about ten inches. One urn has an embossed ring round its bulge and on the ring are rude carvings in straight lines crossing each other obliquely. Before being put in, the bones seem to have been burned, and several pieces of charcoal were found among them. They were much calcined, but one of them retained much of its original form, and was evidently a jaw bone. These curious relics are now in the Banff Museum. The pit, before being broken up, was part of a small, round eminence, covered with heath and trees. Directly over the first found urn there stood a large fir tree. The undoubted fact of a battle having been fought in the 10th century, either on this spot or its immediate vicinity, between an army of invading Danes, who landed at the burn mouth of Cullen, and a Scot's army headed by King Indulfus, authorizes the conclusion that these urns contained the remains of some Scottish warriors who fell in the action.

#### STONE COFFINS AT MELROSE.

ABOUT ten inches under ground, close to the foundation of the cloisters of Melrose Abbey, has lately been found a line of stone coffins, on which are several swords and crosses engraved, but two more remarkable than the rest—a husband and wife lying from east to west; on the husband's coffin, on the right, are the hilt and guard of a sword elegantly sculptured, but the blade went under the foundation of the abbey. On the wife's is a small cross, denoting a Christian of the early ages, and the following inscription:—"† Beatrix, spouse of Robert Fraser." The rest of the inscription was hid under the foundation. Melrose Abbey was originally erected of wood at Old Melrose, (Meul Ross, a bare promontory,) not a vestige of which remains, save the foundation, on which the present house belonging to Lockhart Elliot, Esq. stands; it was a second time erected at Red Abbey Stead, near Newstead, from which the village takes its name; and lastly, it was constructed where the present magnificent ruin is still to be seen at Little Fordell (or the dell of the ford)—it is probable that these stone coffins have been removed from the abbey yard at Red Abbey Stead, and placed under the foundation of the new Abbey. If this be the case, the coffins must be of very great antiquity, as that abbey was founded by David I. in 1136, and the mark of the small cross before Beatrix, on one of the coffins, denotes an early Christian. That the other coffins must have held persons of high rank, is denoted by swords and crosses on their lids, on one of which we found *hic jacet* inscribed; but this coffin was lying from south to north, and the rest of the inscription was hid under the foundation of the abbey.

This side of the cloister runs from south to north.—*Kelso Chronicle.*

#### BOCCACCIO.

A LADY of Certaldo has purchased the house formerly occupied by Boccaccio, which she has restored with the utmost care. In the room he principally occupied she has placed his portrait at full length. An old woman who formerly occupied this chamber, having accidentally thrown down a part of the paneling, found a great number of manuscripts, which, in the fervour of superstition, she immediately committed to the flames. It is not known what has become of fourteen manuscripts on vellum, discovered some years ago, on opening the tomb of Boccaccio, in the church of Certaldo.

#### THE FLEET DITCH, LONDON.

IN the year 1732, the Fleet Ditch, on which so much expenditure had been exhausted to no purpose, and which had in former periods been esteemed a key of commerce in the city, was deemed a burden and a nuisance, requiring more money to maintain it than was originally intended, and being besides of great danger to the lives of passengers. These concurrent disadvantages induced the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, to petition the parliament, on the 26th of Feb. 1732, praying, "That a bill might be brought in to empower the petitioners to fill up that part of the said ditch lying between Holborn Bridge and Fleet Bridge, and to convert the ground to such uses as they should think fit and convenient;" and, in pursuance of their petition, a bill was brought in and passed: by virtue of which the premises were arched over, and the site converted into Fleet Market. By that act, the fee simple of the ground and ditch is vested in the Mayor, Commonalty, and citizens of London for ever; with a proviso that sufficient drains shall be made in and through the said channel or ditch, and that no house shall be erected thereon, exceeding fifteen feet in height. H. B.

#### LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

HOWELL has furnished us, in his letters, with a humorous specimen of the manners of London in 1646. Writing to a friend at Paris, he says: "the world is here turned upside down, and it hath been long a going so; you know a good while since, we have had leather caps and beaver shoes, but now the arms are come to the leggs, for bishop's lawn-sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there; boots and shoes are so long snouted that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use:



the devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him any where, and it seems he was never so busie in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraign'd and executed here lately, than ever were in this Island since the creation."

In another place, speaking of the air of London, comparatively with the cities of the East; where, when the wind is southward, it is impregnated with Arabian spices, and as sweet as a perfumed Spanish grove, he says, "the air of this city is not so, especially in the heart of the city, in and about Paul's Church, where horse-dung is a yard deep; insomuch, that to cleanse it would be as hard a task as it was for Hercules to cleanse the Augean-stable, by drawing a great river through it, which was accounted one of his twelve labours; but it was a bitter taunt of the Italian, who passing by Paul's Church,

and seeing it full of horses, 'now I perceive,' said he, 'that in England, men and beasts serve God alike.'"

H. B.

### The Naturalist.

#### NATURO-ARTIFICIAL GROTTOS.

IN the vicinity of Naples are many natural and artificial grottoes, which have for centuries excited the curiosity of travellers. Two of the most remarkable of these subterranean wonders are the grottoes of Pausilippo, and the Dog, or "del Cane."

PAUSILIPPO is a considerable hill, or mountain, through which is cut the grotto, or a straight passage from Naples to Puzzuoli, 80 or 90 feet high, from 20 to 30 feet wide, and about 1,000 paces long. It is inaccessible to the sun, and through the deep night of this grotto passes the daily traffic of a very populous district. A powerful echo from the



(Grotto of Pausilippo.)



(Grotto del Cane.)

roof increases the rumbling noise of the passage, and adds to the gloomy effect of the scene. We must not, therefore, be surprised at this cavern having its superstitious terrors; and many fabulous stories were related of it even in the time of Strabo. It is thought to have been hewn out before the time of the Romans, at first only a quarry, but afterwards continued through the hill. It was subsequently made broader and higher, paved, and provided with air-holes. The whole rock is firm, and has never been shaken by earthquake. In the centre is a chapel of the Virgin Mary; and over the grotto are the remains of an aqueduct and of Virgil's tomb, represented and described at page 433, vol. xiv. of *The Mirror*. Since 1822, the Austrian troops have constructed a road over the mountain of Pausilippo to Puzzuoli, by which the passage through the grotto is avoided. In the course of this work, a grotto was discovered at the summit of the hill, which is probably the *crypta Pausilipponea* of the ancients, the name which is now given to what Seneca called the *crypta Neapolitana*. The character of the mountain scenery of Pausilippo contrasts agreeably with the sombre grotto; for, Eustace describes the former as extremely beautiful and picturesque. Its name he attributes to a villa of Vedius Pollio, erected in the time of Augustus, and called *Pausilypum*, from the effect which its beauty was supposed to produce in suspending sorrow and anxiety; and it is justly honoured with its appellation, for no scene is better calculated to banish melancholy and exhilarate the mind.\*

The GROTTA DEL CANE, or Dog's Cave, is situated at the verge of a valley beyond Pausilippo, and is of greater celebrity than its neighbour. It is a cavern, from some parts of which, to a certain height, rises carbonic acid gas, which produces death from suffocation; but, as the gas from its greater specific gravity, does not rise above five or six inches from the floor, a man may with impunity stand amidst the gas, and test its pernicious influence by holding down a small animal, and a dog being generally selected for the experiment, explains the name of the cave. There are many descriptions of this singular place; but none of more recent date than the following from the last received number of Professor Silliman's *American Journal of Science and Arts*:

"A guide was quickly selected from a set of ragged urchins, who offered themselves along the road. Thus escorted, I soon reached the house of the Custode, or showman, and a rapid knock and short dialogue having settled the preliminaries, I pushed on towards the Grotto, leaving him to hunt up his dog and follow at his leisure. The road, which had hitherto obliquely crossed the valley noticed

above, now approached its edge, and led us among rough, abrupt hills, until suddenly turning to the right, and entering a deep, natural chasm, it brought us in a few minutes to the edge of the Lago d'Agnano. This lake is about four miles in circuit, and evidently occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. My little cicerone led me along the border of the lake, for about a hundred yards, when pointing to a small door against the side of the crater, a short distance above us, he told me that there was the object of my search. The name *Grotto* had misled me, and my disappointment was great, when, on the door being unlocked and thrown open, an excavation, of not more than twelve feet in length, and seven or eight in height, made its appearance. To the right, it was the rudest thing possible. The bottom, sides, and top, were of the bare earth, very uneven, and, as the cave was shaped much like an egg, it was only at the centre or near it, that a person could stand upright. The floor, and sides to a well-defined horizontal line eight or nine inches above it, appeared moist, and on stepping in, I immediately became sensible of a small degree of warmth up to the same height, although the atmosphere down to the ground was perfectly transparent. The custode first directed me to get on my hands and knees, and to bring my face within the influence of the gas. I took the posture desired, and as I had lowered my head to within a short distance of the ground, and found myself breathing a pure air, was beginning to think the wonders of the grotto far overrated, when I suddenly found myself bolt upright, and on my feet, having been brought there by a sensation as if a thousand needles had been at once thrust into my nostrils. The feeling was like that often experienced after drinking strong soda water, only to an almost overpowering degree.

"The next experiment was a cruel one, but I hope pardonable, inasmuch as the cruelty was far from being of a wanton kind. The man looked for a dog which he had brought with him, and tied to some bushes near the door, and taking the struggling animal in his arms laid him down in the deepest part of the cave. The dog laid quiet for a moment, and then, with a sudden start, nearly escaped from the custode's hands, but was brought back, and once more held down within the full power of the gas. His struggles were violent, and his eyes, turned upward toward his master, showed a high degree of suffering; but presently, his muscles began to relax, and his struggles ceased, his open and beseeching eye only showing life. His master now took him up, and laid him in the pure air, outside the cave. Here he remained motionless for nearly two minutes, when he was seized with violent spasms, gasped for breath, at length got on his feet, staggered

\* Classical Tour, vol. ii. p. 378, 8vo.

about, and then recovering himself fully, darted away into the bushes. A whistle brought him back, and he came up, wagging his tail, to receive the customary crust of bread. The man now lighted a couple of torches, and placing one in my hand, allowed me to amuse myself with such experiments as are frequently practised in our laboratories with this gas, and others of a similar character. The flame began to separate from the torch as soon as it was lowered to the line noticed above, showing a smooth uniform surface to the gas. When moved along the sill of the door, it burnt with undiminished brightness, except where a small channel was made by an inequality in the wood; when it sunk into this, the light was immediately extinguished. In the same manner, I could discern the gas flowing down the hollows leading from this to the lake. When I had satisfied myself with these experiments, the custode took both the torches, and rubbing them against the sides of the cave, filled the bottom of it with smoke; the hitherto invisible spirit of the cave took form and substance; and I was warned by a gentle hint, for half a dollar, that the exhibition was at an end."

#### THE LATE WINTER.

DR. HEDENBORG, the Swedish savant, states in the *St. Petersburg Journal*, that in all the East, Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria, the Archipelago, Turkey in Europe, &c. the late winter was more severe than ever known before in these countries. At Tiflis and Georgia, where cold weather is scarcely known, the thermometer of Reaumur had been 30° below the freezing point. At Smyrna there was skating on the river Males; and at Alexandria, snow and hail storms occurred at the end of February. On the coast of Egypt the rainy season lasted between five and six months, and the weather was severe in May.

#### LARGE TROUT.

THERE was lately killed with the rod, in the Don, a common river trout, which weighed eleven pounds, and measured in girth seventeen inches—the largest trout probably ever caught in that river.—*Aberdeen Herald*.

#### New Books.

##### THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

(Continued from page 248.)

[We conclude the poet's interview with the heroine.]

"WHY are you called La Esmeralda?" inquired the poet.

"I can't tell."

"No, sure!"

She drew from her bosom a small, oblong bag, attached to a necklace of small red seeds,

and emitting a very strong scent of camphor. The outside was green silk, and in the middle of it there was a large bead of green glass in imitation of emerald.

"Perhaps it is on account of this," said she.

Gringoire extended his hand to lay hold of the bag, but she started back. "Don't touch it," said she; "'tis an amulet. You might do an injury to the charm, or the charm to you."

The curiosity of the poet was more and more excited. "Who gave you that?" he asked.

She laid her finger upon her lips, and replaced the amulet in her bosom. He ventured upon further questions, but could scarcely obtain answers to them.

"What is the meaning of La Esmeralda?"

"I know not," said she.

"To what language does the word belong?"

"It is Egyptian, I believe."

"I thought so," said Gringoire. "You are not a native of France?"

"I don't know."

"Are your parents living?"

She began singing to the tune of an old song:—

My father's a bird,  
And my mother's his mate  
I pass the broad waters  
Without boat or bait.

"How old were you when you came to France?"

"I was quite a child."

"And to Paris?"

"Last year. At the moment we were entering the papal gate, I saw the yellow-hammers flying in a line over our heads. It was then the end of August, and I said: 'We shall have a sharp winter.'"

"And so we have," said Gringoire, delighted with this commencement of conversation; "I have done nothing but blow my fingers since it set in. Why, then, you possess the gift of prophecy?"

"No," replied she, relapsing into her laconic manner.

"The man whom you call the duke of Egypt is the chief of your tribe, I presume?"

"Yes."

"And yet it was he who married us," timidly observed the poet.

Her lip exhibited the accustomed pout.

"I don't even know your name," said she.

"My name, if you wish to know it, is Pierre Gringoire."

"I know a much finer," said she.

"How unkind!" replied the poet. "Never mind; you shall not make me angry. You will, perhaps, love me when you are better acquainted with me; and you have related your history to me with such candour that I cannot withhold mine from you."

"You must know then that my name is

Pierre Gringoire, and that my father held the situation of notary at Gonesse. He was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother was murdered by the Picards, at the siege of Paris twenty years ago: so, at six years old, I was left an orphan with no other sole to my foot but the pavement of Paris. I know not how I passed the interval between six and sixteen. Here, a fruitwoman gave me an apple or a plum; there, a baker tossed me a crust of bread; at night I threw myself in the way of the watch, who picked me up and put me in prison, where I found at least a bundle of straw. In spite of this kind of life I grew tall and slim, as you see. In winter I warmed myself in the sunshine, under the porch of the hotel of Sens, and I thought it very absurd that the bonfires of St. John should be deferred nearly to the dog-days. At sixteen, I began to think of adopting a profession, and successively tried my hand at everything. I turned soldier but was not brave enough; I became a monk but was not devout enough, and, besides, I could not drink hard enough. In despair I apprenticed myself to a carpenter, but was not strong enough. I had a much greater fancy to be a schoolmaster; true, I had not learned to read, but what of that? After some time I discovered that, owing to some deficiency or other, I was fit for nothing, and therefore set up for a poet. This is a profession to which a man who is a vagabond may always betake himself, and it is better than to thieve, as some young rogues of my acquaintance advised me to do. One day, as good luck would have it, I met with Dom Claude Frolo, the reverend archdeacon of Notre-Dame, who took a liking to me, and to him I owe it that I am this day a learned man, not unpractised either in scholastics, poetics, or rhythemics, nor even in hermetics, that sophia of all sophias. I am the author of the mystery that was performed to-day before a prodigious concourse of people, with immense applause, in the great hall of the Palace of Justice. I have also written a book of six hundred pages on the prodigious comet of 1465, which turned a man's brain, and have distinguished myself in other ways. Being somewhat of an artillery carpenter, I assisted in making that great bombard which, you know, burst at the bridge of Charenton, on the day that it was tried, and killed twenty-four of the spectators. So you see I am no bad match. I know a great many very curious tricks, which I will teach your goat, for instance, to mimic the bishop of Paris, that cursed Pharisee, whose mills splash the passengers all along the Pont aux Meuniers. And then my mystery will bring me in a good deal of hard cash, if I can get paid for it. In short I am wholly at your service, damsel, my body and soul, my science and my learning, ready to live with you in

any way you please, chastely or jovially, as husband and wife, if you think proper, as brother and sister, if you like it better."

Gringoire paused, waiting the effect of his address on his hearer. Her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"Phœbus," said she in an under-tone, and then turning to the poet—"Phœbus, what does that mean?"

Gringoire, though unable to discover what connexion there could be between the subject of his speech and this question, was not displeased to have an opportunity of displaying his erudition. "It is a Latin word," said he, and means the sun."

"The sun!" she exclaimed.

"It is the name of a certain handsome archer, who was a god," added Gringoire.

"A god!" repeated the Egyptian, and there was in her tone something pensive and impassioned.

At this moment one of her bracelets, having accidentally become loose, fell to the ground. Gringoire instantly stooped to pick it up; when he raised himself the damsel and the goat were gone. He heard the sound of a bolt, upon a door communicating no doubt with an adjoining cell, which fastened on the inside.

"No matter, so she has left me a bed!" said our philosopher. He explored the cell. It contained not any piece of furniture fit to lie down upon, excepting a long coffer, and the lid of this was carved in such a manner as to communicate to Gringoire, when he stretched himself upon it, a sensation similar to that experienced by Micromegas when he lay at his full length upon the Alps.

"Well," said he, accommodating himself to this uncomfortable couch as well as he could, "'tis of no use to grumble. But at any rate this is a strange wedding-night!"

#### DISHONESTY OF NEGROES.

(From Mrs. Carmichael's *Domestic Manners of the West Indies*.)

NEGRO methods of theft defy the most watchful eye. I never went to my store room that I did not miss some article or other, yet it was not once in twenty cases that I could discover the thief. I was certain as to missing bottles of Madeira at different times; and though I watched as minutely as I could, yet I never saw one of them removed. The cellar had a double door, with a very strong lock on each door; the windows were secured across with wooden rails, none of these were ever broken or displaced, and as they were old, had they been removed and put in again, it could not have escaped notice. I tried to put a bottle of wine through these bars, but could not succeed; yet it so happened, that returning quickly to the cellar one day after I had left it, I found a bottle of wine, with the

neck of it sticking through the bars, and B— hastily retreating from the spot when he saw me. When I pointed it out to him: he said, "Misses, that be very strange, it must be Jumbee do so." At that time I could not comprehend, or discover how B. or anybody else had got the bottle to the window,—or how, if got there, it could be taken away,—yet I knew that many had disappeared; and it was not till I had left St. Vincent, and resided in Trinidad, that I learnt the ingenuity of the thief. I was then told by B.'s fellow servant, that he had a way of putting a string round the bottle when in the cellar without my seeing, and he put the end of the string through the window-bars; and when I was gone, he drew it to the bars, and placing the neck through the bars, he drew the cork, poured out the wine, and then breaking the bottle, carried away the fragments.

B. could pack pretty well, and I employed him the day before I left St. Vincent in packing a case of liquor, and so very clever was he in his mode of deceit, that although I stood by the whole time till the box was packed and the lid nailed on,—after which it was deposited where he had no access to it,—yet when this case was opened, the bottles were found all empty, and they were not the bottles I had given him to put in; for those I gave were French bottles, and the ones he put in were English: now he must have contrived while wrapping the straw round each bottle, to place an empty English bottle instead of a French full one.

Negroes will steal, cheat, and deceive in every possible way, and that with a degree of adroitness that baffles the eye and the understanding of any European; and what is worse, they invariably get into a passion if you refuse to let them take the book, and swear to the truth of what you know to be false. They have not the slightest sense of shame; and it not unfrequently happens that if you threaten them, they will, after the most solemn asseverations of their not having touched the article in question, actually bring it and lay it down before you. I found it almost impossible to keep poultry for the use of my family; for so soon as I bought them, the negroes sold them again in the marketplace. All my servants kept poultry; and strange to tell, my hens during the short time I was able to keep them, never were known to lay an egg, but the negroes had always plenty to sell to me from their own fowls. The cow sometimes would give no milk for several successive days; but I found that it was milked over night, and the bottle of milk sold in the market, which brought thirteen pence to the thief. The elder negroes teach theft to their children as the most necessary of all accomplishments; and to steal cleverly, is as much esteemed by them as it was by the

Spartans of old. I have had such incontrovertible proofs of this, that it was the knowledge of it that induced me to recommend separating the children from their parents, at the age when they are taught stealing as an important lesson.

## The Public Journals.

### LIFE.

It seemeth but the other day—

The other day that I was born—  
And childhood came—life's ruddy morn  
Soon pass'd away.

It seemeth but the other day,

Came schoolboy cares, of verb and noun,—  
And idle sport, stern master's frown—  
They pass'd away.

It seemeth but a day, an hour,

Since youth was mine, all fresh and young.  
With nerve, and heart, and forward tongue—  
Full pert the flower.

It seemeth but a day, since I,

Scarce tamed before, to beauty knelt,  
And sigh'd, and swore, and madly felt  
Love's agony.

It seemeth scarce a day, e'en now,

With firmer step I walk'd, the man,  
And proudly spoke; and thought, and plan  
Shook from my brow.

How like a thief of night, to-day

Upon that yesterday stole in—  
On that again Life's shades begin  
In twilight grey.

To-morrow—is it in our grasp?—

This night may death shut up our age.  
And close our book of pilgrimage  
With iron clasp.

Life is but the soul's infant state,

Where ripens its eternal seed  
For bitter dole, or heavenly meed  
Reguerate.

Death—Death is conquered, and the grave

The summoned dead to Life shall yield—  
When angels reap thy harvest field,  
Lord, who shall save?

Redeemer, thou; thine was the strife,

The victory—with thy Grace renew  
The inner man—set in my view  
Eternal Life.

That infant child, and youth, and man,

Baptized, and cleansed from stain of Sin,  
By Faith in Thee, I come within  
Thy Mercy's plan.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### CHAMPAGNE CURES THE GOUT.

(From My Travelling Acquaintance. By the author  
of "Highways and Byeways.")

"You walk lame," said I, as my hero hobbled across the room for a cork-screw, Rose having left it on a side-table, as she glided away in search of some biscuits.

"Yes, *Sabre de bois!* but I wonder what the devil it is that ails me. Our stupid doctor calls it gout; but that it can't be; I take too much exercise, and my father never had it."

"But perhaps his father had."

"Ah! that I don't know, *Pistolet de paille!* my knowledge goes no farther back than the last generation, and *Sabre de bois!*

he is a wise man, as Solomon says, who can swear to that. Yet that booby bolus-maker at Genappe would persuade me that it is the gout. I was obliged to send for him a month ago. I had a swelling just here on my great toe joint, as red as a turkey-cock's gills, and pins and needles shooting all through it, so that I roared with pain. 'Now, you know, doctor,' says I, as he put his assassinating face in at the door, 'you know I have a great contempt for your skill, and hate your physic, *Sabre de bois!*—that's my way—so what do you think ails me?' 'The gout,' says he, 'It's not true,' says I. 'It's the gout,' says he. 'You lie,' says I. 'It's the gout, the gout, my friend,' says he again, quite coolly. 'I am not your friend,' says I, nor you mine, to tell me such bad news as that,' says I, 'and I do not believe you; I won't believe you; it's not, it shan't be the gout. But, *Sabre de bois!* it's something, so what must I do for it?' 'Get rid of that bottle of Burgundy,' says he, 'and clap on ten leeches.' 'Here goes,' says I, (as soon as his back was turned,) 'for the first part of the prescription;' so I emptied the rest of the bottle, which was about three parts full, into this goblet: this way, d'ye see"—He here did as much by a flask of champagne that stood beside him—"and I swallowed it off at a draught, *Sabre de bois!* d'ye see—so, that's my way—*Pistolet de paille!*" He now filled a huge beer goblet that stood on the table, and as the effervescent dose of champagne, frothed down his throat, he grew crimson in the face, his eyes became blood-shot; I was terrified. I thought the gout had suddenly flown up to his head, not stopping to kill him on its way through his stomach. "For God's sake!" says I, imploringly, and catching hold of his arm. "*Sabre de bois!*" exclaimed he, smacking down his glass against the table, so forcibly as to break it into shivers, "*Sabre de bois!* and *Pistolet de paille!*—that's my way, d'ye see; that's my way of getting rid of a bottle. Here, Rose! champagne, d'ye see—bring a couple of bottles—one in each hand. *Sabre de bois!* my brave Englishman, that's the way we go it at *Château Turc!* Well, as I was saying, 'Clap on ten leeches,' says he. 'That I will,' says I; so I sent to the apothecary's in the village for twenty. They kept sucking all night, *Pistolet de paille!* and I was near fainting before Rose and the old woman could stop the blood. 'Well,' says the doctor, in the morning, 'how do you feel now?' 'Worse,' says I. 'That's odd,' says he; 'did you put on the leeches?' 'I did,' says I. 'And what did you do with the wine?' 'I drank it,' says I. 'I thought so,' says he; 'you must put on eighteen more leeches, and drink nothing to-day but water, or I don't answer for the consequence.'—'Drink nothing but water!' says I,—no

*Sabre de bois!* I'll not consent to that; but let me have my fair share of wine, and I'll put on six-and-thirty leeches, instead of eighteen.' 'Nonsense!' says he, walking out of the house. 'Good sense,' says I, uncorking a bottle of *clos vaugeaux*;—so I filled my glass, and sent for a fresh flask of champagne and another phial full of leeches. There were about forty altogether; so I stuck them on all over my foot; and as fast as they sucked, *Sabre de bois!* so fast did I keep filling, and luckily for me too. For, *Pistolet de paille!* d'ye see, I had most certainly been a dead man but for the wine, which replenished the blood. But, *Sabre de bois!* it was the leeches that died, and not me. The doctor found fifteen of them at the last gasp, and as many more reeling drunk, on his next visit; and as for myself, I have never had a clear notion since of what passed;—it is a curious thing how bleeding takes away a man's memory, and makes his head turn. But never mind, I got over the thing;—that is to say, over that fit, but I've been weak on this leg ever since, and can't bear to put it to the ground. It is an odd affair altogether, but I'll never acknowledge it to be the gout. No, no, that was never in the family."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### INDIAN LAMENT.

DAY's last of breath and sunlight floats on beach  
And woody height,  
Bathing them o'er with bloodlike gleams; while the  
cool gale of night  
Wakes on the rugged forest-tops the many-whispering  
leaves.  
And, o'er the darkly-crisping stream, in low sad  
murmur grieves.

There are a few young stars in heaven, and, wheeling  
proudly high,  
The queenly vulture tracks a path into the purple  
sky.  
Darker the copper sunset streams on wave and  
autumn leaf,  
And on this spot,—the burial-place of many an Indian  
Chief.

The spot those forest-hunters lov'd and scour'd at  
rise of day,  
To track the roc-buck, or to snare the young moose  
on his way;  
Where once a hundred wigwams glow'd, and oft the  
sunset drew  
Its shadow o'er those fearful scenes the forest only  
knew.

But now there lingers only one,—one of the thousand  
forms  
Whose orgies fill'd the woods with sound deeper  
than summer storms.  
"Art thou the last of all that band;—the droopless,  
the unshed,  
When every other leaf is flung to perish with the  
dead?"

"Or do thy tribes yet haunt the shade where not a  
star looks through?  
Or rouse the council fire beyond yon hills of heaven-  
like blue?  
And draw the battle-bow, and still within the dance's  
ring  
Hail the torn wretch that scorns to flinch beneath  
their torturing?"—



"Stranger, my warriors hear no more the eonch or war-whoop's sound,  
Their ancient blood has long since dried upon the battle-ground;  
Long o'er my tribe the mountain gale has wav'd the forest bloom,  
And no moccasin's tread save mine has press'd their sunless tomb.

"No tread save mine;—they are no more. The fiercely rushing breeze  
Ruffles the waters into voice, and wakes the slumbering trees;  
The stars on the eternal sky shed their unfading light,  
The ranging wolf by cave and glen howls through the savage night;—

"But we,—not o'er a thousand ills we once could call our own,  
May o'er uplift the voice again; or tread the covert lone;—  
The winds, the savage of the wood, are free as at their birth;  
But we have felt the chain that kills,—earth is no more *our* earth.

"Go to our homes, the Sumach still blends its rich shadow there;  
But moss o'erspreads each vacant hearth; the red fox shelters near;—  
Naught veils the white uncoffin'd bones that crumbling lie around,  
Naught but the wither'd leaf the storm has scatter'd o'er the ground.

"The bow is bent, the shaft is sped that draws this latest breath;  
The Mohawk may be known no more, save in the hall of death;  
No more the night may rouse our hosts to scour the naked plain,  
Or vengeance print upon the turf her warm, red battle-stain:—

"And years shall pass, and not a trace shall here remain to tell  
Where, haughty still in his despair, the Indian warrior fell.  
The matted woods shall fling their gloom upon a fairer brow,

While, where the lone dark huntsman rests, the harvest sheaf shall glow,

"And, but the name, the memory that lifts its starry eye,  
Amid the solemn shadowy-ness of Time's deed-written sky,

Shall wake a thought of what we were,—the mighty and the free,  
Before yon pale ones cross'd the storms, the fierce storms of the sea."

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

THIS great captain, it will be recollected, came to an unfelicitous end on the eve of the battle of Lutzen, which was fought on the 16th November, 1632; but the circumstances of his death have been to this day involved in mystery. Some writers have ascribed it to the machinations of Cardinal Richelieu; others have affirmed that he fell by the hands of the Duke of Saxe-Lunenburg, one of his own commanders; or that a page or groom in his service shot him; and not a few, that he was shot in a sudden discharge of musketry from the Austrian advanced posts. A document exists, however, amongst the royal archives of Sweden, which seems decisive of this long-contested question. This is a letter

from Andreas Goeding, provost of Werio, a town in Gothland, to the then secretary of the archives of state. The writer's narrative is as follows:

"When I was in Saxony, in the year 1687, a fortunate accident enabled me to discover the circumstances accompanying the melancholy end of Gustavus Adolphus. This great monarch had rode out for the simple purpose of reconnoitring the enemy, attended by a single servant. A dense fog prevented him from observing a detachment of Austrian troops, who fired upon and wounded him, but not mortally. The servant, who assisted in bringing him back to the camp, consummated his end by a pistol shot, and possessed himself of a pair of spectacles, which the king had in daily use in consequence of the shortness of his sight. I bought the spectacles from the deacon of Naumburg; and it so happened that, during my stay there, the murderer, who had become very advanced in years, felt his last hour approaching. The goadings of his conscience, a natural consequence of the atrocious murder which he had perpetrated, did not allow him a moment's rest. He requested my friend, the deacon to whom I have just alluded, to come to him, and he then confessed his guilt. My information is derived from the lips of the deacon himself, the party from whom I purchased the spectacles, and I have deposited them in the Swedish archives."

There is no reason whatever to question the genuineness of the letter; but still it would be desirable to know, whether the Swedish government took any steps, upon its receipt, to institute further inquiries on the spot where the murderer died, and whether they ever ascertained from the deacon of Naumburg himself that the circumstances which the provost relates were in every respect conformable with the wretch's confession.—*United Service Journal.*

#### The Gatherer.

*The Dictionary.*—A German lady, whose education had been much neglected, and who had arrived at a very mature age without perceiving any inconvenience from this circumstance, obtained a place at the Court of Brunswick. She had not been long there, when she perceived that the conversation in the apartments of the Duchess frequently turned on subjects of which she was entirely ignorant, and that those ladies had most of her Royal Highness' favour who were best acquainted with books. She now regretted for the first time the neglect of her own education, and although she had hitherto considered that kind of knowledge which is derived from books as unbecoming a woman of quality, yet, as it was fashionable at court,

she resolved to study hard, that she might get to the top of the fashion as soon as possible. She accordingly mentioned this resolution to the Duchess, requesting at the same time that she would lend her a book to begin with. The Duchess applauded her design, and sent her a German and French dictionary, as one of the most useful books. Some days after, her Highness inquired how she relished it: "Infinitely," replied the studious lady, "it is the most delightful book I ever saw. The sentences are all short, and easily understood, and the letters so charmingly arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade; whereas, in some books which I have seen, they are mingled together in a confused manner, like a mere mob, so that it is no pleasure to look at them, and very difficult to know what they mean. But I am no longer surprised," added she, "at the satisfaction your Royal Highness takes in study."

FERNANDO.

*Men without Noses.*—Khirtipoor is a town of Nepaul, the reduction of which cost the conqueror so much trouble, that, in resentment of the resistance made by the inhabitants, he cut off all the men's noses. Colonel Kirkpatrick, at the distance of 23 years, was reminded of this act of barbarity by observing that a great proportion of the people appointed to transport his baggage across the hills were deprived of their noses. To perpetuate this exploit, the sovereign ordered the name of the place to be changed to Naskatapoore, which signifies "the town of men without noses."

P. T. W.

*Preservation of the Dead.*—The vault under the tower of St. Michael, in the cathedral at Bordeaux, possesses the singular property of presenting the human corpse almost entire; six bodies are placed, standing or sitting, against the wall—a horrible and ghastly sight. Some of them are three hundred years old; the skin has the appearance of leather, and many have their garments still remaining. The person who shows them, an old woman, professes to designate their various situations in life; such as a monk, a seigneur, or a mechanic, and even to indicate the disease of which each died.

T. GILL.

*Chesterfield.*—In 1751, Lord Chesterfield delivered a speech in parliament in favour of the proposed alteration of the style, which procured him considerable applause. On this occasion he stated, that every one complimented him, and said, that he had made the whole matter very clear to them; "when God knows," continued he, "I had not even attempted it. I could as soon have talked Celtic or Slavonian to them, as astronomy, and they would have understood me fully as well. Lord Macclesfield, who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in

Europe, spoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me."—*Georgian Era.*

*Making a Queen.*—Sir Charles Sedley, whose daughter was made Countess of Dorchester by King James II., having been met by a friend, as he came out of the House of Commons, on the day the Prince and Princess of Orange were voted King and Queen of these realms, was asked what he had been about in the convention; he replied—"That he had just been doing an act of gratitude." "What's that?" said his friend. "Why," replied Sir Charles, "King James made my daughter a countess, and I have been making his a queen."

T. GILL.

*Strange Worldly Advice.*—Erasmus, in a letter to his friend Andrew Ammonius, gives him the following advice, as the most effectual method of advancing his fortune, designed to satirize the usual methods that are adopted for this purpose; viz: "In the first place, throw off all sense of shame; thrust yourself into every one's business, and elbow out whomsoever you can; neither love nor hate any one; measure everything by your own advantage; let this be the scope and drift of all your actions. Give nothing but what is to be returned with usury, and be complaisant to every body. Have always two strings to your bow. Feign that you are solicited by many from abroad, and get everything ready for your departure. Show letters inviting you elsewhere, and with great promises."

P. T. W.

*Epitaph on Thomas Jackson, the Actor.*—This actor belonged to the Norwich company, and lies buried in the churchyard of Gillingham, in Norfolk, with the following eccentric epitaph inscribed on his tombstone:

"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, comedian, who was engaged, Dec. 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great theatre, the world, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of "Death," on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal; when he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt for the love he bore to performers in general."

J. E. J.

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